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and he bade her take it off. "A woman," said he, "may be covered in a church, but not when arraigned in a court of justice." The lady tartly commented on the singularity that she might wear her hat in presence of God, and not in that of man. "For the reason," said the judge, "that man with weak intellects cannot discover the secrets which are known to God; and therefore, in investigating truth, where human life is in peril, and one is charged with taking life from another, the court should see all obstacles removed. Besides," he added, "the countenance is often an index to the mind, and accordingly it is fitting that the hat be removed, and therewith the shadow which it casts upon your face." The hat was taken off; but the lady, although a murderess, was modest, and she covered her hair with a kerchief.

Had good Mrs. Turner been like the ladies and gentlemen of Natal, she might have puzzled the chief justice. The Natal "fashionables" wear hats of from half a foot to a foot in height, made of the fat of oxen. They first gradually anoint the head with a purer grease; and this, mixing with the hair, fastens these *bonnets* on during the lives of the wearers! Or the fashion of the Myantsees would have done. These people carry on their heads a slight board, a foot long, and a half of that broad; with this they cover their hair, and seal it with wax. They cannot lie down or lean without keeping the neck straight; and the country being very woody, it is not uncommon to find them with their head-dress entangled in the trees. Whenever they require to comb their hair, once or twice a year, they have to pass a preliminary hour in melting the wax, before they can get their hats off.

Better keep them on than take them off to such poor purpose, as was once observed in the case of one of the celebrities of the Place Royale, Beau-tru, whose name was a mine of tinsel to the little punsters of Paris, in the reign of Louis XIII. Beau-tru was bold, haughty, and an inveterate gambler. He was a libertine both as to morals and religion, and the slanderer *par excellence* of his age. Richelieu had a strong liking for him—proof enough that he was not worth the affection of an honest man. His repartees were more spiced with wickedness than wit. One day, on passing in front of a crucifix in the public streets, he, with an air of humble reverence, raised his hat. "Ah!" exclaimed one who saw the unwonted action, "that is what I call setting a good example." "Very good!" cried the scoffer, pushing his hat firm upon his brows, "but you will be pleased to observe that though we bow, we are not on speaking terms."

While people were laughing at this illustration of pride in Paris, London was being sadly scandalized at a royal illustration of obstinacy. When William III. went to church, it was impossible to induce him to take off his hat. He might indeed doff it during the liturgy, but the preacher was no sooner in the pulpit than on went the ponderous beaver, and up fired the indignation of the beholders. William cared not a jot for their indignation. The Dutch wore their hats during Divine worship, and he had not ceased to be a Hollander simply for having become a King of England. Besides, that ancient and scriptural people the Jews sat in their synagogues with their heads covered, and was he not their most religious and gracious king?—and did it not become him to follow the practices of a Biblical race, when the doing so tended to the increase of his comfort, and jumped with the inclination of his caprices? And so the broad hat was worn, and censure disregarded.

Mr. Charles Kean, when once playing Richard, at New Orleans, observed, as he was seated on the throne, and the curtain was rising, that his noble peers wore their hats or caps in his

presence. With his truncheon to his lips he contrived a stage whisper, which said, "Take off your hats; you are in the presence of the king." "And what of that?" roared high-reaching Buckingham, looking round at the audience, and smacking his own cap tighter on his circumspect head; "what of that? I guess we know nothing of kings in this country." The New Orleaners were in raptures, and the king sat corrected.

When round hats came in, at first merely for morning or undress wear, but finally became a *fait accompli*, like that other little matter, the French Revolution, all the young wearers of them (and there were, at first, no others) were denounced as "blackguards" and "highway-men." The youthful votaries of fashion retorted by nicknaming the three-cornered hats, as "Eg-ham, Staines, and Windsor," in allusion to the three-fingered road-post pointing in that tripartite direction. The flat, folding, crescent-shaped beaver, called a cocked or an opera hat, was still to be seen as late as 1818; and a party of gentlemen returning on foot from Almack's on a summer's morning, with pantaloons tight as the Venetian standard-bearer's, and hats cocked according to the mode, presented a rather martial look. Since that time the round hat has gained headway; even coachmen only wear the old cocked covering on state occasions; and the ugliest article that ever could be devised for the purpose seems to be planted upon our unwilling brows for ever.—*Habits and Men.*

THE MARSEILLES HYMN.

Translated from TH. HAGEN'S "Civilisation und Musik."

It has often been said that a singing people are very weak, and not at all to be feared; and for this reason the German and Italian nations have been permitted to sing as much as they pleased. Some friends of political progress, some champions of the rights of man, may, therefore, perhaps reproach me with supporting the pernicious principles of certain sovereigns, because I advocate the general cultivation of music. Let such be under no apprehension; for I know too well that to place one new weapon in the hands of the enemies of human rights—to aid even unintentionally in any effort to deprive mankind of that which is godlike in their nature, and in violation of the laws of nature to sink him to a level with the brute—is a great crime. Such shall never be reproached to me. No; what I intend, what I desire, is the elevation and the reestablishment of man's dignity.

It is true that a singing people become weak and insensible, stupefied and easy of control, but only when, like the Italians, they give themselves up entirely to the sentimental ballad, or the love romance; when each individual seeks the solitude of the night in which to sing forth his sorrows, real or imaginary, and fanned by the mild breezes of a southern clime, smiled upon by the deep azure of the tranquil heavens, which so strongly invite him to a dreamy *dolce far niente*. But a people who assemble in social masses after their accustomed work is over—who accompany their daily progress in the open day, freely and cheerfully, with invigorating and healthy melodies—such a people is strong, for it is united. Music binds their hearts together and adds to their courage; it unites them, and union is strength. Let three strangers meet and unite in the cheerful song; let them be suddenly attacked by robbers; you may reckon with certainty that each will struggle for all with redoubled courage and energy. There are nations who raise their battle-songs as they throw themselves upon the enemy in the fight, and are thereby so inspired and exalted as to become irresistible, even by superior numbers. Music, therefore, not only unites and strength-

ens, but it also inspires; and it is music which has preceded and accompanied the grandest actions of the race which history recounts. It is music which has aided in hastening the emancipation of the human will. It was music that encouraged the French to the storming of the Bastille, and to the overthrowing of that dam of prejudices which had so long obstructed the progress of the world. It is music, which has accompanied the same nation in all the phases of its revolutions of 1789, 1830, and 1848, and the later *émeutes*—a guiding banner which encouraged and strengthened the struggling downtrodden. How long the French revolutions will continue I know not, but one thing I do know: that people will never demand the restoration and establishment of any one of its withheld rights, without previously singing in full and lusty voice the MARSEILLAISE.

Oh! that is a song! It is the magic wand that, with wondrous power, changes the boy into the man! Go to Paris; enter the first, best theatre; take the audience by surprise, and sing in the midst of the performances:

"Allons, enfans de la patrie,"

and you will witness something most extraordinary. The whole assemblage, actors and audience, will at once arise, and, as with inspired voice, hymn forth, *Allons, enfans de la patrie*. The children will shout with joy and toss their caps aloft; the women will wave their perfumed handkerchiefs, and an excitement will be raised that will continue long after the verses shall have been sung. And woe to that power that should attempt to quell this excitement in the moment of its might! Let the government forbid the singing of this song as strictly as possible; experience has proved that the *Marseillaise* will be sung to the end, whenever its first tones have been raised in a large assembly.

The effect of this hymn is truly wonderful, it often appears as a judge, descending among men, and demanding an account of their acts. Fools! to think its role is finished. All revolutions, all *émeutes* which have occurred since its composition, have but verified its influence and its importance. The Marseilles Hymn is one of the greatest triumphs of which music can boast: it is the faith and the trust of a nation. O ye skeptics! and you, who think our Art but rivets the chains of mankind, go to Paris in, a time of popular trouble, and assist at one of those uprisings which sometimes occur in the Faubourg St. Antoine, when its inhabitants on some morning have suddenly discovered that they have been wronged. Like a dark thunder-cloud, mysterious and full of foreboding, the people descend the Boulevards, calm and solemn; not raging like a wild beast, but stern and dignified like a tribunal: every moment the mass increases; from all sides they gather and strengthen it, until, at last, they arrive where judgment is to be pronounced. Those in power await them with cannon and bayonets; but the people gaze unmoved upon the weapons raised against them. A pause ensues: the dark cloud which hung in the horizon, now overshadows everything; suddenly the lightning flashes, and the cloud discharges itself. The lightning—that is the *Marseillaise*, which instantaneously is thundered out by thousands of voices, and at once excites the slumbering thought to action. For the result—question history.—*The Musical Gazette.*

THE last descendant of Leonardo da Vinci, the famous Florentine painter, who expired in the arms of Francis the First, died a few days back in the neighborhood of Roanne (Loire). He was a travelling glazier, says the Paris correspondent of the *Daily News*, and died from the effects of a fall which he had had when repairing the roof of a hothouse.